

POLICE RESCUE 'ARMY' IN PHILADELPHIA MOB

Reserves Needed to Save Suffragette Marchers from Crush at Ferry.

PROPOSAL FOR 'GEN.' JONES

"Come Rest Your Tired Little Head on My Big Heart," Writes One-Legged Civil War Hero.

[From a Staff Correspondent of The Tribune.] Philadelphia, Feb. 16.—"General" Rosalie Jones and her army entered Philadelphia in triumph to-night. The largest crowd the army ever experienced was on hand to meet them. There was a near-riot at the Camden ferry when several hundred men and boys tried to break into the thin, tired out little line of pilgrims.

There was only one very pathetic policeman on the job, and the feeling, scrambling, pushing mob had the suffragettes at their mercy for many blocks. More men have their use in this world, it was then learned. The biggest war correspondent stalked protectively at the "generals' side."

The next biggest grabbed "Colonel" Craft's banner in one hand and her left elbow in the other. George, the bugler boy, who is as big as two Martha Klatzkens, took the "little corporal" under his arm, and together they charged the mob. Pilgrims who were not thus manfully protected resorted to physical force to make their way along.

"I shall always remember Philadelphia as the place where I became militant," granted one pretty pilgrim, as she stepped deliberately for the sixth time on the heel of a man who pushed in ahead of her. A hurry call to Police Headquarters brought the reserves, and the army was able to march in comfort up Market street, with two policemen for each pilgrim and six preceding "General" Jones. A halt for tea was ordered at the headquarters of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania Suffrage Organizations. There the army, wearily picking up stores and knapsacks, proceeded to the Hotel Walton.

Reception Pleases "General" Jones.

When "General" Jones was told how many thousands of people had seen her advance upon the city she was happy, indeed.

"They weren't very respectful," she said. "I saw only one man who took off his hat to our flag, but if we only set them talking, that is our service to the cause."

The "general" and her army were far too weary to enjoy the banquet which the Philadelphia sisters had arranged for them, but submitted, patiently when it was explained that "a real society dinner" was necessary to impress Philadelphia.

"This is such a conservative town," the local women sighed. "People think this is a little spectacular, anyway, and some of the stories in the local papers have given the impression that this army was well, you know."

There was danger that the loyal army would read the local people to bits when they heard this story, so the "general" ordered faithful "Colonel" Craft to seal her infuriated lips and lock her emotions safe in her own breast. The old guard, the six war correspondents who went to Atlanta and take off their hats to our general every time, could not be silenced, however, and they spent half the afternoon telling it about that Miss Jones and her followers were of unquestioned social position, and doing this "stunt" because they seriously believed it would help the cause.

Pilgrims at Head of Table.

The dinner reflected the heroic efforts of Miss Katzenstein, secretary of the Woman Suffrage Association, and Mrs. William Albert Wood, chairman of the committee. About fifty women were present, the "general" and her pilgrims at the head of the yellow and white tables. These present were prominent in the suffrage and club life of the city. They were:

Mrs. Anna M. Orme, Mrs. Lawrence Wood, Miss Mary Ingraham, Mrs. Wilford Lewis, president of the Equi Franchise Society of Philadelphia; Mrs. William Wilbert Wood, Miss Caroline Katzenstein, secretary of Eastern District of Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association; George P. Holmes, Mrs. Charles H. Goudiss, Dr. Maud Botter, Mrs. Mary Getty, Mrs. M. C. Klingensmith, Mrs. Harriett Dulles, Mrs. George A. Pierson, leader of the Woman Suffrage party of Philadelphia; Miss Mary Winsor, president of the Limited Suffrage League; Miss Jane Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Haws, of Narberth; Mrs. Anna Lowenberg, Mrs. Ida Katzenstein, Dr. Clara Baldwin, Mrs. L. W. Martin, Dr. Kate T. Dorem, Miss Fannie Witherspoon, Miss Cornelia Greenough, Mrs. A. N. Fleck, Mrs. Paul McConomy, Mrs. Ellen H. Price, Miss Eleanor Wood, Mrs. Stephen Large, Mrs. Margaret Kelly, Mrs. William Spence Harvey, Mrs. John Lewis Gross, Mrs. A. E. Burns, president Woman Suffrage Party of the City of Philadelphia; Mrs. M. E. Brown and Mrs. A. R. Purdy.

There was a much smaller official delegation to welcome the army at the gates of the city. "Colonel" Craft told the pilgrims that this was because the Pennsylvania women thought they could not afford to do anything spectacular just now. Their bill is trembling in the balance in the Legislature, and they had a notion that anything savoring of militancy would be dangerous. They would not allow their names to be used.

Mrs. B. W. Rulon, Roy Tolson and Miss Helene Bergmarck, of Philadelphia, will join the army to-morrow for the remainder of the trip. William Johnson, of Erie, a veteran of the Civil War, announced his intention of going to the front again, too.

The ranks to-morrow will be augmented by a large number of Philadelphia enthusiasts who dare defy the legislators and public opinion. The route lies past the University of Pennsylvania, where classes will be stopped and the students permitted to welcome the suffragette army. The night will be spent at Chester, twelve miles away, but where luncheon will be depends upon the state of the quarantine which is tying up the town of Darby.

Twenty Miles Was Easy.

The Sunday march was the easiest one since the determined little band left Newark. Twenty miles were covered, but the roads were fairly good and the weather mild.

Three Boy Scouts—Raymond Conner, Albert Smith and Paul Allen—escorted them all the way. At nighttime they sped

ahead to build a camp fire. The hotel in Bridgeboro being only a summer resort, the pilgrims had to have a picnic lunch. The scouts made coffee and set the table with sandwiches and bananas.

Then they marched wearily into Camden, where the arrival of the baggage wagon an hour before had collected a crowd of several hundred around the aristocratic lawn of Mrs. Alfred Lowry, who had rashly volunteered to entertain the army. Two police officers were finally mustered to keep "volunteers" from passing in with the regular army.

There are only seven suffragettes in Camden. The few women who were on hand to welcome the pilgrims did well with the tea, salad and homemade cake. This and the receipt of the following letter, cheered the faltering footsteps. Even the "general" was able to laugh. It read as follows, and will be added to the collection of similar documents rapidly filling the army knapsacks:

"Dear Rosalie Gardiner Jones: 'I have seen your picture in the papers, and I read what you are doing to further a great cause. I lost a leg at Chattanooga for a great cause, so I sympathize with you. I just know how tired your little feet must be. When this march is over, I should like to have the chance of smoothing the road before them for the rest of our lives. You may say I am old and you are young, but what of that? I may have but one leg, but my heart is bigger than the heart of any two men. Why don't you rest your tired little head upon it? Just say the word and I am yours. Other men might be afraid of you because you have so much nerve, but I can understand you. We are both soldiers. Say, little one, if you will join forces with me, I will give you anything your little heart desires.'"

BLIND TO HAVE BIG DAY

Taft Will Open New Lighthouse on February 22.

Washington's Birthday will be a memorable day for the blind people of this city. On that day President Taft will formally open the new Lighthouse which the New York Association for the Blind has just completed at No. 111 East 24th street, at a cost of \$150,000.

There is no other building in the world just like the new Lighthouse. For it is both a clubhouse, where blind men, women, boys and girls may meet socially, and a settlement house, where the blind will be taught reading, sewing, weaving, stenography, dancing, gymnastics and a score of other things that help to make them useful citizens.

Every floor has its special purpose, accommodating, among other things, a library of books in raised type, a gymnasium, swimming pool and bowling alley, a restaurant, a saloon and an application bureau, a museum containing the history of the "emancipation of the blind," a roof garden, an outdoor running track and numerous classrooms, where instruction is to be given both daytime and evenings.

Joseph H. Choate will preside at the exercises, which will be opened by prayer by Monsignor M. J. Laville, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Rabbi Judah L. Magnes will read from the Psalms, and Bishop David H. Greer will offer the benediction. Besides President Taft, the other speakers will be Dr. John H. Finley, president of the College of the City of New York, who is also president of the association; Helen Keller, who is a vice-president of the association; Dr. William H. Maxwell, City Superintendent of Schools; Miss Winifred Holt, founder and secretary of the association; Eben P. Morford, a blind man, who is president of the American Association of Workers for the Blind, and W. L. Scandlin, president of the Blind Men's Club.

Upon President Taft's arrival at the Lighthouse, at 2 o'clock p. m., he will be met by a squad of blind boys. They will escort him to his seat on the platform. Following the speeches, a group of blind boys and girls will present a musical play, "The Blind Unchained," written for the occasion by Miss Holt and Miss Carolyn Wells. The children who will appear in this play have been coached and drilled by Edith Wynne Mathieson, the actress.

There will also be an exhibition, illustrating the idea of the Scout from the public school, followed by an inspection of the building by President Taft and the other guests of honor. General E. P. Rowe is chairman of the committee on arrangements, while the reception committee, composed entirely of blind men, is headed by Charles Bowman, a blind upholsterer.

One of the many unusual features of the Lighthouse is that its free, staircases and meeting rooms are free from sharp angles and corners that might interfere with the goings and comings of the blind folk as they move about. This innovation is the result of ideas which Miss Holt has gathered in the course of her long study of conditions among the blind here and abroad. The bowling alleys in the basement were modeled after bowling alleys for the blind which Miss Holt found in use in Vienna, while the swimming pool was suggested by a pool in France.

A home for blind girls in Jerusalem supplied the idea for the roof garden, a "cave" fire escape, while the business classrooms are patterned after those in a similar establishment at Halifax.

IN HONOR OF WASHINGTON

Descendants of Revolutionists Attend Special Service.

The Sons of the Revolution attended a prayer and thanksgiving service yesterday afternoon at the Brick Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and 5th street, in commemoration of the birth of George Washington. Members of the organization, their friends and relatives occupied pews reserved for them in the centre of the church, and a guard of honor from the Veteran Corps of Artillery sat at the right of the pulpit.

Dr. William Pierson Merrill preached the sermon. He said, in part:

"The Sons of the Revolution are not gathered here to-day in the idle hope of hearing anything new said about our hero, Washington. There was little or nothing of the brilliancy of genius about him. He grew with his work, having had to start with no superior advantages of training or education.

"The real greatness of Washington may be expressed when we say that he was a well balanced revolutionist—that he was a conservative radical. He achieved a greatness higher than that of Napoleon, higher than that of Cromwell. He was a man of great passion, and we are all of the terrible oaths he swore at Monmouth, in which we take a just pride to this day. We all know of his declaration at a time when there was sore need of supplies for the army, that he would like to hang every speculator in broad-staffs on a gallows higher than that of Haman—a remark that has the flavor of ancient times, but which might well be considered applicable to some of the characters of the present day."

RIVAL TO POTATO MAKES DEBUT

Four Leafed Clover Salad Appears on Menu of Broadway Restaurant—Botanist and Florist Discovered Food That Is Rich in Protein.

Four leafed clover salad is the latest fashionable nibble, and eventually will be introduced as a food rival of the potato. It was placed on the menu of a Broadway restaurant yesterday, and was served at 49 cents a portion.

In days to come there may be acres of the vegetable, which has a genial taste suggesting the artichoke, the yam and asparagus, yet having an individual flavor of indescribable delicacy. The basis of the new food is the firm, white root of a variety of European clover known as oxalis.

The discoverer is Max Schling, a botanist and florist of this city. He brought over many plants to this country several years ago, and by elimination produced the present plant. While working over the plant, Mr. Schling picked off a leaf and put it in his mouth. He detected a peculiar and agreeable flavor.

From that day he worked with the plant as a vegetable, as well as a flower. Following the tactics to which the sweet potato owes its origin, he stripped off leaves and stalks to develop the root. From that the clover salad was evolved.

The roots are boiled and served with dressing. The analysis of the new vegetable shows that it is rich in protein, that it has abundant carbohydrates or starch, about 3 per cent of fat, 1 per cent of fiber and plenty of water.

"Chemists are of the opinion," said Mr. Schling yesterday, "that this clover will prove to be as valuable a foodstuff as the potato, and perhaps more so. At present it is costly, for at a restaurant three or four of the roots are a portion. In time, however, it will become cheap as the cultivation is developed."

HONORANTARCTICHEROES FATE AIDS MAN TO DIE

Captain Scott Praised at Two Memorial Services.

FEARS OF HIS MOTHER DRAMA IN MID-ATLANTIC

"Dreaded His Going," She Wrote a Friend Here Before Fatal Voyage.

Two special memorial services in honor of Captain Scott and the other heroes of the British South Pole expedition were held in this city yesterday. One was at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the other at the British Consulate. The British Consulate, Walter Bennett, and many prominent New Yorkers were present.

The other was held at the American Seamen's Institute, in West street, and was attended by British and American seamen, including many men and officers of the British Naval Reserve.

At both services the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were draped with care. The speakers dwelt at length on the note of calm confidence expressed in Captain Scott's last message to his friends and the world.

Dean Grosvenor delivered the eulogy of the Antarctic explorers at the cathedral, while Canon Douglass preached the sermon. At the Seamen's Institute the Rev. E. M. Deems, chaplain of the Church of the Sea, preached the sermon, and Dr. George McPherson Hunter, secretary of the American Seamen's Institute, reviewed the incidents that led up to Captain Scott's death.

The service at the Seamen's Institute was attended by Mrs. William Griffith, of 15 Central Park West, a friend of the Scotts. She received a letter from the mother of Captain Scott only a short time before the mother learned of his death, in which the mother told how she was looking forward to the time when the captain would return to his home.

Mrs. Griffith also had with her a letter, dated a month before Captain Scott started on his fatal voyage, in which the explorer's mother wrote of her fears for her son's safety. The letter, in part, read:

"Holcombe House, St. Mark's Road. You will have seen by this time that my dear son is going to try again, and go south in August next. I dare not think of it, and am quite determined not to let him see how much I dread his going, for in my heart I quite sympathize with his work, and he must lead as best we can."

He has given up his good appointment at the Admiralty and is working entirely at his preparations. It is very delightful to see him and his boy (referring to his little son Peter). He is so proud and delighted, like a child with a new toy, that he is very hard on some of his son's eyes, but much better looking.

The services at the Seamen's Institute were patterned closely after the memorial services at St. Paul's Cathedral, the home of the Scotts, and the "Jesu, Lover of My Soul"—being sung. Ambassadors Blyde and several of the British officers were unable to attend the services at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

ARTIST AND MODEL HELD

Girl with Pistol, Minus Bail; He Shy \$5 Fine.

A pretty young woman, waving a small revolver about her head, and her escort were arrested near 14th street and Lenox avenue at the early hour yesterday morning. Later in the day they were arraigned in the Harlem court, where the girl said she was Madeline Bide, an artist's model, of No. 85 Rock street, The Bronx.

She was held by Magistrate Corrigan in \$500 bail for violating the Sullivan law. In default of bail she was remanded to jail to await further hearing.

Her companion owned up to being Sasauskis Koschichero, an artist, with a studio at 14th street and Convent avenue, where the detained model had posed for him. The court ordered him to pay a fine of \$5 for being intoxicated. Lacking the money, he joined his model in jail. Miss Bide declared Koschichero had given her the revolver for inspection only a moment before she was arrested, and that she had no intention of firing it.

ORDERS MRS. TAFT'S GIFT

Miss Boardman Selecting \$10,000 Necklace.

[From The Tribune Bureau.]

Washington, Feb. 16.—Miss Mabel Boardman has gone to New York to select the magnificent gift which the leaders of Washington's smart set are to bestow on Mrs. Taft before she takes leave of the White House and her Washington friends. A meeting was held at the home of Miss Boardman on Saturday, and it was then decided what the gift was to be and what it would cost.

A conservative guess at the cost of the diamond necklace on which they all decided is placed at about \$10,000. To prevent its being a duplicate in shape and style of the necklace which Mrs. Taft already owns, a photographer last week made a picture of the necklace which Mrs. Taft has worn at state functions and other events since her husband became President. This photograph was carried to the jewellers in New York.

Regret is everywhere heard that the secret could not have been kept until Mrs. Taft received the present, so that the donors might share her surprise.

Having given her order to New York jewellers for the necklace, even submitting a design for it, Miss Boardman will return to Washington to-morrow to resume her duties at the office of the American Red Cross, where she spends every morning. She allows nothing to interfere with her work for this organization.

YELLOW VOTE TRACKS STIR FIFTH AVENUE

Suffragists Work for the Cause Among Worshippers at the Cathedral.

WIN TWO FAT POLICEMEN

Amateur "White Wings" Quickly Clean Up Street After 4,000 Circulars Had Been Distributed.

Dr. Mary Holton, leader of the 29th Assembly District for the Woman Suffrage party, chose St. Patrick's Cathedral as vantage ground in a demonstration for the cause yesterday. As ammunition she had some five thousand circulars—shrapnel, as it were—filled with telling shots like this:

"Why should women not have the right to vote?"

"Who will claim that the woman of education or affairs is unfit to vote, when the drunken loafer on the corner or the vicious gunman is qualified to do so?"

"If you must restrict suffrage, restrict it, but not on the lines of sex alone."

The artillery having been unlimbered, the next thing to do was to fire. And fire she did, volley after volley.

Dr. Holton had summoned some of her pretty girl helpers, Gwendolyn Brooks, Gladys Brown, Marie Murphy, Anne Green and two or three others responded.

Suffragists Are Game.

"Are you game to do a stunt that will take you out at 5 o'clock Sunday morning?" she asked.

"Suffragists are game for anything," they chorused.

At 7 o'clock, therefore, the working people coming from early mass held standing on the steps of the Cathedral a row of girls wearing the curious decoration of a sheaf of yellow circulars strung on baby ribbon, which was tied around their necks. A placard on each girl said:

"Please take one." That, Dr. Holton explains, was to avoid breaking the laws against handing out circulars on the street.

Well, Dr. Holton and her girls were having a beautiful though briefless time, and ever so many more were taking the circulars off the baby ribbon, when the Cathedral sexton appeared. He took one look at the invaders, with their yellow paper necklaces, gasped and blew his police whistle.

Two fat patrolmen came from somewhere on the run.

"Arrest these women!" he exclaimed.

The policemen took a look at the determined votes-for-women army, considered with their thumbs in their belts and then considered some more.

Fat Policeman Is Polite.

"You are object," the latter one of the two asked Dr. Holton "if we arrested you?"

"If we must be arrested, we must be," said the leader of the 29th. "I want to tell you, though, that I consulted Helen Hay Greeley, a suffrage leader, and she says 'I will win my rights in doing this.'"

The policemen remained plunged in deep thought for a time, while the sexton seethed with his emotions.

Then—"Would you kindly stay down on the sidewalk," the latter patrolman said to the suffragists. Dr. Holton said "Yes," and the policemen went off "to look up the law." They didn't return.

With a brief interval for breakfast, the little army, half of it standing at Fifth avenue and 5th street and half of it at Fifth avenue and 21st street, met the people coming from every mass until 12:30. They brought 4,000 circulars with them, and gave out, they estimated, at least 4,000.

When it was all over they reported that all the men had been "perfectly lovely." Most of the women were agreeable—at least, they took circulars.

Besides proselytizing for the cause, suffragists cleaned up Fifth Avenue—morally, but the way "Big Bill" Edwards does. In the middle of the morning Dr. Holton bethought her of the law against littering the streets. She cast an anguished eye on the bits of yellow paper here and there on the sidewalk. Then she beheld four boys roller-skating down upon her.

Boys as "White Wings."

"Boys," she hailed them, "want to earn some money? I'll give you each 50 cents if you'll pick up all those bits of yellow paper."

She handed them the quaint Japanese bag she carried. Down they went upon their knees, and when they brought the bag to her it was stuffed—not only with fragments of suffrage circulars, but with cigarette butts, heels of shoes, pieces of newspaper—everything that had been dropped in front of St. Patrick's since the "White Wings" last passed that way.

HUGS WOMAN ON CAR

Machinist Then Has Tilt with Patrolman and Is Locked Up.

Women passengers on a car of the Crotona line were terrified yesterday by the actions of Oswald Tobias, a machinist, of No. 129 North 3d street, Williamsburg.

Tobias, who evidently had been imbibing, began to mumble to himself after getting on the car. He next directed his attention toward the women, and when he attempted to hug and kiss the woman seated beside him she shrieked and ran to the front of the car.

Tobias turned to a second woman, and at this the fifty other women became panic-stricken.

Matthew Malone, the conductor, was unable to subdue Tobias, and when the car reached Broadway and Berry street he called to Patrolman Doyle, of the Bedford avenue station. The patrolman ordered Tobias to leave the car. A lively struggle ensued, but Doyle finally overpowered Tobias and took him to the station house. Later the prisoner was taken to the Manhattan disorder court and was held on a charge of disorderly conduct by Magistrate Dooley in default of \$300 bail.

NEWSBOYS' CLUB ENTERTAINS

More than Five Hundred Members Attend Second Weekly Concert.

The Newsboys' Home Club, at Second avenue and 11th street, gave its weekly entertainment at the clubhouse last evening, which more than five hundred boys attended.

Among those who took part in the programme were John Black, Samuel J. Ryan, Vankley McBride, D. D. Albert, Harold Dolan, Paddy Magdon, Theron C. Bennett, Harry T. Forsyth, Meyer Tillar, Arthur Gally and Harry Smith.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS DO NOT CONCENTRATE

A Woman Who Has Succeeded Explains Why Few of Her Sex Rise Above Mediocrity.

By Isabel Stephen.

"The reason that so many women never rise above mediocrity is that they work with one eye up the chimney and the other on the dinner pot," as our dorkies say down South. The pink tea, Miss Neighbor's new hat, the theatre or personal gossip is the chimney, which gets a great deal of attention, and the studio or office is the dinner pot, which is constantly slighted.

"There are wonderful opportunities meeting women of to-day at every corner. Instead of concentrating all their energies on their business, however, and taking advantage of every chance to push forward, the average woman floats along with her head too full of air castles to recognize the little opportunity which would lead to the big success."

It was Mrs. Marie Seales Henry who gave her opinion of the women who have not won out in business. Mrs. Henry, who is much better known as Miss Seales in the advertising world, speaks with authority. Beginning at the very foot of the ladder, she has steadily climbed until she is now head of a large business and employs many young women.

Mrs. Henry was born in St. Louis, but spent most of her childhood in Nashville, Tenn. There is little of the languid Southern in her manner, however, and this she explained by her energies in the Northern world.

"It was my roommate at college who is responsible for my going into the designing business," Mrs. Henry said. "She left the college near Nashville, where we were both studying, and went to Paris to study art. I left college, too, and returned home. After two years my friend returned brimming over with plans for conquering New York. She convinced me of the possibilities of success, and I agreed to go with her."

"When we came to New York we took a large, pleasant, furnished room, and this served both as a home and studio. I interviewed the merchants and manufacturers and newspaper editors, and my friend stayed home and did the work. I continued to study art in New York and also helped out with the work when I had time."

"We had one strict rule, and that was that pleasure should never interfere with business. We went out frequently, but never at the expense of our work. For every evening we went out we stayed home two evenings."

"Gradually our business grew. It became necessary to get assistants for our work was satisfactory to the business men we dealt with. We dealt with them on a simple, straightforward business and as a rule, women are too free and easy, and then they are surprised and hurt at the result. A man was telling me just yesterday about a woman who wanted to place some work with him. He did not need her work, but told her if he did need her work at any time he would let her know. The next day, when he was out, she managed to get past the office boy, somehow, and placed a bunch of panicles on the man's desk, with her card. It put the man in a very uncomfortable position. He felt that although he did not want her work he ought to buy it to pay for her panicles. On second thought, however, he consigned the panicles to the wastepaper basket, for from what he had seen of the woman he judged that the other way would only be encouragement for more annoyance. I have done a great deal of work for that man."

"There is one thing that I want to tell girls who are in business, and that is to spend their money for one good tailor-made suit and a good, neat hat. The girl who goes about looking for a position dressed in a picture hat and a gown to match does not make the desired impression. When a neatly dressed little girl comes to my studio seeking work I am naturally inclined to give her a chance, for I say to myself: 'There's a little girl who looks as if she would do neat, clean work.'"

"Secondly, I want to say that the girl who is just leaving art school should brush away all the fairy tales she has been told about positions which pay \$5 a week to the student just graduated. If the girl has a sound fundamental knowledge of drawing and design it will not be long before she is making \$25 a week, but it won't be the first or second week, either. Two girls, twins, came to my studio with their little pack of samples a short while ago. They had had a good training, and I wished to give them a trial. They wanted \$25 a week. I told them to go around every studio in New York and see if they could get more than \$12 a week, then to return to me. They went and returned. It wasn't long before they proved that they were not worth even \$12. And they were so frightened, I felt sorry for them. One of the twins the other looked as if I were purposely inflicting pain on her, and vice versa."

"Then there is another sort of girl who goes in for art advertising who is a full size, and that is the girl who is ashamed of her work. She is afraid that her friends will learn that she has to work for a living, and is always asking for permission to get off early to go to some pink tea or reception or function of some sort. Of course, she comes to work dressed for the occasion and is not only distracted herself, but distracts all the other girls."

"Designing is the most fascinating work. There is such a wide field in it that you have hardly ever the same work to do. You have to-day a railway folder to decorate with views of different scenes or interesting incidents of the travellers' journey; to-morrow it may be a child's booklet with dainty designs of the nursery or schoolroom; again, it may be a theatrical poster or a book decoration. So the work never grows tedious. It is always changing."

"Do you find that business interferes with your domestic life at all?" I asked Mrs. Henry.

"No, indeed. I have a lovely home on Central Park West. My husband's business is down in Wall street and he is away nearly all day. And then if women only know how to treat servants properly they wouldn't have any of the trouble they are always complaining about. I have never any trouble keeping servants. Every summer my husband and I run over to Europe and play for a couple of months and we have a splendid time. If a woman runs her house as methodically as we run hers, business, there is no reason why both shouldn't run along as smoothly as oil wheels."

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Postal Card Departments

All communications (and they are welcome) should be made by postal as far as it is possible.

Recipes Tested and Found Good

All recipes appearing in these columns have been tested. Level measurements are used unless otherwise stated. This department will be glad to answer any culinary questions submitted by readers and will receive replies by return mail.

Address: Culinary Editor, New York Tribune, No. 154 Nassau street.

This department will not be responsible for manuscript which is not accompanied by stamps for return. Kindly include stamps with questions requiring an answer by letter. Write on one side of the paper and see that name and address accompany each item.

ENGLISH LAMB CURRY.—Brown two tablespoonsful of flour in a pan with one tablespoonful of butter. Add four cupsful of water. Boil for a few moments. Add pepper and salt and a half cupful of finely chopped apples and a scant half tablespoonful of curry. Add two cupsful of cooked